A

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH of his Moſt Sacred MAJESTY,

GEORGE II.

KING of *Great-Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Who departed this Life OCTOBER the 25th, 1760.

Pallida Mors equo pulſat pede,

Pauperum tabernas regumque turres.----

HORACE.

Pale Death lays low the ſubject Head,

And equal ſtrikes the Sov'reign dead.

LONDON:

Printed for I. POTTINGER, in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*
M. DCC. LX.

[Price One Shilling.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Pulpitum sæpius tragœdus intrat.—

HORACE.

Pale Death lays low the lofty head,
And equal strikes the Sovereign dead.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. Trye, Glover, in Bartholomew-Close,
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MONODY

ON THE

DEATH of his moſt ſacred MAJESTY

KING GEORGE II.

NOW all BRITANNIA's Glory is o'ercaſt,

The beſt of Men and Kings has breath'd his laſt;

But in his noble Height and Full of Days

He dies ſecure of never-ceaſing Praiſe.

He ſaw his Country o'er her Foes prevail,

And Europe's Ballance verge to Britain's Scale,

Law

Saw Brunſwick Victor in the tented Field,

Saw to his Fleets the Coaſt of Africk yield,

And vaſt America become his own,

Whilſt Gallia's Monarch trembled on his Throne.

Thrice happy King, tho' Life at length is fled,

He died, his Honours blooming round his Head.

Kings in their Youth have mighty Fame acquired,

But their Renown before them oft expir'd;

Heroes admired when in their youthful Prime,

Have often ſeen their Glory ſapp'd by Time.

Thus Edward once renown'd for Deeds of Arms,

Weak in his Age, was ſway'd by female Charms.

Thus Henry, France's Shame and France's Pride,

Famous in Youth at length inglorious died;

In Fight a Soldier's Courage oft diſplay'd,

But on the Throne ſaw all his Honours fade.

GEORGE all his Life unſullied Fame maintain'd,
Fought like a Soldier, like a Monarch reign'd.
Flanders beheld him in the well-fought Field
With youthful Heat unknowing how to yield,
His War-horſe falling by a hoſtile Wound,
Renew the Fight with Vigour on the Ground,
Whilſt for the HERO Angels trembled round.
But Age could never damp his warlike Fire,
Before him Dettingen ſaw France retire;
By Nature formed to hold imperial Sway,
Where'er he march'd ſtill Conqueſt mark'd his Way;
With Cæſar's ſhall be rank'd his deathleſs Name,
To ſee and conquer was with him the ſame.

Still Heroes ſpring from an heroic Race,
In Cumberland we Brunſwiek's Valour trace;

When George from Field to Council does retire,
The Son in Combat emulates the Sire,
Exerts his Force and glows with all his Fire.

Ask Flanders, for *her Plains* have oft beheld
The Force of Gaul by William's Conduct quell'd
Whilſt Britain ſtill remain'd ſecure from Harm,
George was her Shield and William was her Arm.

The aged King at length reſigns his Breath;
An Inſtance of the mighty Power of Death:
But royal Fruit the royal Stock ſupplies,
And a new Brunswick in the Youth ſhall riſe.
To the young Monarch whilſt our Eyes we turn,
With Tears unfeign'd we wet his Father's Urn.

Thus when bright Phœbus has his Circle run,
And weſtern Seas receive the ſetting Sun,

Men with Regret behold the parting Ray;

But ruddy Clouds announce a glorious Day.

But ſtill our Joy is by our Grief ſuppreſt,

With loyal Sighs heaves ev'ry Subject's Breaſt,

With Tears the Eyes of Rich and Poor o'erflow,

The Loſs is common, common is the Woe;

Well may Britannia's Sons their Loſs deplore,

The Father of his Country is no more.

So good a Prince at home, abroad admir'd,

Should never have been born or ne'er expired.

Juſtice and Mercy both in him combin'd,

Like Titus, the Delight of human Kind;

He rul'd a People willing to obey,

But ne'er like Titus wept to looſe a Day.

Againſt each Danger by his Foreſight arm'd,

For ever vigilant but ne'er alarm'd,

His Care each Storm averted from the State,

And fix'd Britannia's like Europa's Fate.

To him the Intereſt of each Prince was known,

Nature and Study form'd him for the Throne.

Like Pruſſia's King with various Knowledge fraught,

By Patriots, Stateſmen and Hiſtorians taught,

He ſeem'd by gracious Heaven's high Will deſign'd

At once to govern and to bleſs Mankind.

His Virtues were ſo bright, had adverſe Fate

Plac'd him in ſome obſcure and humble State,

Men would have own'd his Worth with one Accord,

And ſome glad Nation hail'd him as it's Lord.

Heavens! with what Tranſports Britiſh Boſoms glow'd,

Whilſt Length of Life was on their King beſtow'd,

To ſee him fear'd in War, belov'd in Peace,

To ſee his Glory with his Years encreaſe.

Alas!

Alas! how chang'd! but Bliſs unmix'd with Woe
Was never known to Mortals here below.

What Tears ſhall guſh from ev'ry Subject's Eye
When they behold the Solemn Pomp paſs by.

How ſhall the Glory Britain's Arms have won,
Grow pale when thus eclips'd Britannia's Sun.

Not greater Grief could fill the Sons of Rome,
When young Germanicus in youthful Bloom,
And crown'd with Conqueſt ſunk into the Tomb.

Or when Auguſtus died, Auguſtus long
Lov'd by his People, prais'd in Poets Song.

What Bard ſhall GEORGE's Virtues now rehearſe
And mourn his Prince in Elegiac Verſe,
What Orator with Energy proclaim
His Worth, and celebrate his Deathleſs Name.

Weak is all Reaſon, Elocution vain,

Fruitleſs the Painter's Toil and Poet's Strain;

They ſtrive in vain to mitigate our Woe,

But whilſt they mourn the King, our Loſs they ſhow;

With ſtudied Art the Hero they deplore,

Ah! could that Art, the beſt of Kings reſtore!

Fix'd are the Laws of Fate, relentleſs Death

Levels all Ranks, e'en Kings reſign their Breath,

Princes who now the World's Attention draw,

Muſt yield Obedience to the general Law,

And go, at Length their Courſe of Glory o'er,

Where Numa and where Ancus went before.

But ſtill the Muſe ſhall from Oblivion ſave

The Patriot-Monarch, and the Leader brave,

'Tis her's to conſecrate to deathleſs Fame,

And to Poſterity t'embalm his Name.

Impartial Hiſtory in a faithful Page,
Shall ſpread his Glory down, from Age to Age,
Shall ſhew that ne'er ſo bright a Period ſhone
As when brave GEORGE the Second fill'd the Throne.
An Age with various Glories ſtill replete,
But now eclips'd ſince GEORGE reſigns to Fate,
And of its Father Heav'n deprives the State.
On that diſaſtrous Night, the Night that gave,
So good a King for ever to the Grave,
A threat'ning Comet with tremendous Glare,
Should in the Gloom have ſhook his horrid Hair,
And bid the World for ſuch a Change prepare.
Portentous Omens, Apparitions dire,
Should have announc'd to Man celeſtial Fire:
Thus in the higheſt State of antient Rome,
E'er Tullius fell by an untimely Doom,

Graves

Graves yawn'd, and yielded up the ſheeted dead,
The Skies in bloody Tears their Sorrows ſhed;
Diſaſters veil'd the Sun, the Orb of Night
In dim Eclipſe conceal'd its ſilver Light;
Such dire Events had ſuited with the Times,
But Tullius fell a Victim to his Crimes,
A State embroil'd he left, but we poſſeſs
An Heir by Nature form'd the Land to bleſs.
Ariſe my Muſe, and ſing the Noble Youth,
Who full of conſcious Honour, full of Truth,
Aſcends Majeſtic to his Grandſire's Throne,
With Dignity and Valour all his own.
Some future Bard in high exalted Strain,
Shall tell the growing Glories of his Reign:
For me, if haply I may point the Way,
And ſing the Dawn of GEORGE's ſplendid Day.

Well meant Intention muſt for Genius paſs,
And honeſt Truth for ſoft poetic Grace;
England ſhall reap what FREDERICK's Care begun,
And all the Father animate the Son;
Protected Arts ſhall own his gen'rous Care,
And feel the Parent in the blooming Heir:
Now modeſt Merit from her calm Retreat,
With Dignity ſhall riſe to Honour's Seat;
Britain with Plenty ſhall at Home be bleſt,
The Efforts of her Foes abroad ſuppreſt,
Bravely the War, ſo well begun, maintain,
And Europe own the Monarchs of the Main;
Their Canvas Wings where'er their Navies ſpread,
The trembling Nations ſhall be ſeiz'd with Dread:
Th' ambitious Gaul Hoſtilities ſhall ceaſe,
And Auſtria humbled, ſue at length for Peace.
How ſolemn! How affecting! is the Thought!
That Regal Pomp to common Duſt is brought.

Can ought reſtore the once departed Bloom,
Or pleaſe amidſt the Horrors of the Tomb?
Yes-----one glad Thought, one Ray of Joy breaks forth,
Aud paints Britannia's Bliſs in GEORGE's Worth.
So good a Reign, ſo mild, ſo calm, ſo even,
Is but the Prelude of a Reign in Heaven.
Where Saints and Angels never ceaſing ſing,
Immortal Praiſes to their God and King;
To theſe bleſt Realms our noble Sovereign gone,
To the THIRD GEORGE bequeaths his earthly Crown,
In Him ſhall Britain all his Grandſire view,
And hail with Joy their King and Father too.

AN ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH of his Moſt Sacred MAJESTY

KING GEORGE II.

ALL muſt ſubmit to Nature's Laws,
And with one common Doom;
Be ſwallow'd by the Marble Jaws,
Of the devouring Tomb.

'Tis Death all-eloquent that ſhows,
How frail all human Things;
It's Pow'r no Mortal can oppoſe,
For Death's the King of Kings.

But

But tho' our gracious Monarch dies,
His Fame ſhall ne'er expire;
His Soul ſhall ſeek its native Skies,
His Worth the World admire.

Tho' Art a Monument ſhall raiſe,
His Virtues Bards recite;
Tho' wounded Marble ſpeak his Praiſe,
And Braſs record his Might;

On other Monuments impreſt,
His Virtues ſhall remain;
And deep engrave each loyal Breaſt,
The Glories of his Reign.

FINIS.

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